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## Lounger's Miscellany.

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N U M B E R      X V I I I .

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S A T U R D A Y , F E B R U A R Y 21 , 1789.

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*" Multa renāscuntur, quæ jam cecidere : "* —

HOR. Ars Poet.

*" Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie."*

FRANCIS.

**I**N this age of classical refinement, in which the minds of the studious are turned to the contemplation of ancient poetry, and every collector is a lover of the black letter, it is singular that so few have made use of their hoard, and given the world an edition of its beauties. Collectors are in general too apt to be led on by a desire of being the sole possessor of a scarce article; a sort of enthusiasm, that makes them talked of when living, and furnishes, for a while, a posthumous fame, by the publication of a sale-catalogue. The great misfortune attending such transactions is, that the oftener a scarce volume is sold, the more valuable it gets, and as many guineas have been given for an old play as the first vender perhaps got pence. By these means also, those who purchase books to read are effectually shut out from their view, and are compelled to give up the pursuit, because their pockets are lighter than their heads.

Few selections have been ushered into the world without some prefatory discourse, acquainting the Reader, that the Editor's "endeavours had been thwarted by the want of access to the "libraries of the curious, from whence, and whence only, adequate materials are to be drawn." Were these assertions not exactly agreeable to the truth, a far greater number would be included in the list of poets than are, or have been, generally admitted.

Among the writers in the reign of Elizabeth who have been undeservedly neglected by compilers is Nicholas Breton, a person,

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as Dr. Percy observes, of no mean talents. The only sonnet of his that has been admitted into any collection is "*Phyllida and Corydon*," which was first published in a very ancient Miscellany, entitled, "*England's Helicon*," 1600, quarto\*: The same is copied by Mrs. Cooper, in the "*Muses Library*," p. 295.: and, lastly, in the "*Reliques of ancient English Poetry*," vol. III. p. 62. This last book contains some few variations from the rest, being taken, as the Doctor informs us, from a MS. in his possession. That Breton had his admirers is well testified by several eminent men. Meres, in his second part of "*Wit's Commonwealth*," speaks of him as a good writer both of lyric and elegiac poetry. He is A<sup>c</sup>t alluded to in the "*Scornful Lady*" of Beaumont and Fletcher, 2.; and again, in "*Wit without Money*," A<sup>c</sup>t 3. Ben Jonson, who is pretty abusive where he thinks fit, has however complimented him in a copy of verses prefixed to the "*Melancholike Humours*;" so that from these testimonies he should certainly have rank. Dr. Percy has improperly styled him a dramatic poet, by assigning to him an interlude called, "*An old Man's Lesson; or, a young Man's Love*." That the Doctor should be led astray is not to be censured, since both Jacob and Gildon assert it with confidence. It is probable, however, that neither of these biographers had seen the piece; for, in the preface, Breton acknowledges himself to be only the *editor* of this interlude: nay, he even declares he is wholly ignorant who the author is. Mr. Warton's History being still incomplete, we may yet have the satisfaction of seeing the few traces of Breton's descent compactly woven into a life; to which fortunate period the eyes of my Readers may be turned, who wait with anxiety the pleasure that has been long since promised in a fourth volume.

A considerable number of tracts by this writer having fallen into my hands, the remainder of this week's Paper will be dedicated to, I fear, a hasty selection.

"THE TOYES OF AN IDLE HEAD: VERVE PLEASAUNTE, TO  
"PASSE AWAY IDLE TIME WITHALL.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY RICHARD JHONES,  
DWELLING AT THE ROSE AND CROWNE, NEERE  
HOLBURNE BRIDGE. 1582.

"A pretty Dittie in despight of Fantasie.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

"Since Fantasie fyrst mooved mee,  
"To rime thus rudely as you see;  
"A pretty dittie of despight  
"Gaynst Fantasie first will I write.



\* A copy of this very rare and excellent book was purchased by George Stevens, Esq. at the sale of Major Pearson's library, for the enormous sum of £. 5. 10s.

"Now,

" Now, by my troth, I cannot chuse but smile,  
 " To see the foolish fittes of Fantasie :  
 " With what deceits she dooth the mind beguile,  
 " As pleaseth best her great inconstancie :  
     " As well the wisest, as the foolish man  
     " She troubleth, I tell you, now and than.

" And no denyall if she lyketh once,  
 " It must be had what ever so it bee :  
 " And each day new devices for the nonce,  
 " Onely to please mistresse fond Fantasie :  
     " For she can never like one thing two dayes,  
     " Though it deserve never so great a praise.

" This thing to-day, to-morrow that againe,  
 " And yet the next day neither of them bothe :  
 " That now she likes, anon she will disdainie,  
 " And whom she loved, seemeth now to loathe :  
     " Thus chopping still, and changing every day,  
     " With vaine delights she leades the minde away.

" She makes the lover thinke his lady fayre,  
 " Although she be as foule as foule may bee :  
 " She makes him eke build castles in the ayre,  
 " And very far in mill-stones for to see :  
     " And in the ende, I thinke if all were knowne,  
     " She makes him see, a foole's head of his owne.

" She makes my lady so much to esteeme,  
 " Of her greene prating parratte in the cage :  
 " This makes her eke her little page to deeme,  
 " The finest boye in England of his age.  
     " This makes her set more by her tame white deare,  
     " Then some would do by twenty pounds a yeare.

" And who can choose but laugh to thinke upon,  
 " Such frowarde fittes of foolish Fantasie ?  
 " And how alas the minde is woe-begon  
 " If that it hath not each thing by and by,  
     " That she desires, what ever so it be,  
     " Cost life or death, it must be had, we see.

" Shee feedes the minde of man, with many a toye,  
 " Shee makes himselfe to seeke his owne decay :  
 " In thinges of nought, she makes him set his joye,  
 " And from all vertue leades him quite away.  
     " And shee it is that vainly caused me,  
     " Against her selfe to rime thus as you see."

MELANCHOLIKE HUMOURS,  
IN VERSES OF DIVERSE NATURES, SET DOWNE  
BY NICH. BRETON, GENT.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY RICHARD BRADOCKE. 1600.

"A PRETTY EPIGRAM UPON WELTH AND WILL.

"Where Welth doth want, there Will can beare no sway,  
"And where Will wants, there Wealth can make no way.  
"In many things Welth greatly rules the roste,  
"In some things too, Selfe-will will beare a sway.  
"To winne the wager, Welth will spare no cost,  
"Which to subvert, Will worketh many a way:  
"And in the end, let Welth do what he can:  
"Yet commonly Will stands the stouter man."

"A BRIEFE OF SORROWE.

"Muse of sadnesse, neere deaths fashion,  
"Too neere madnesse, write my passion.  
"Paines possesse mee, sorrowes spill mee,  
"Cares distresse mee, all would kill mee.  
"Hopes haue faild mee, Fortune foild mee,  
"Fears haue quaild me, all haue spoild mee.  
"Woes haue worne mee, sighes haue soakt mee,  
"Thoughts haue torne mee, all haue broke mee,  
"Beauty strooke me, loue hath catcht mee,  
"Death hath took mee, all dispatcht mee."

"A SOLEMN SONNET.

"Fortvne hath writ characters on my heart,  
"As full of crossees, as the skinne can holde:  
"Which tell of torments, tearing every part,  
"While death and sorrowe doe my fate vnfolde.  
"Patience fits leaning like a pining soule,  
"That had no heart to thinke of hopes reliefe;  
"While fruitlesse cares discomfort doe enroule,  
"Within the ground of neuer ending grieffe.



- " Thoughts flie about, as all in feare confounded:  
 " Reason growne mad, with too much *mal content*,  
 " Loue passion-rent, to see his patience wounded,  
 " With dreadfull terrors of despair's intent:  
 " While care concludes, in comforts ouerthrowne,  
 " When death can speak, my passions shal be showne."

" A STRANGE A, B, C.

- " To learne the babies A, B, C,  
 " Is fit for children, not for mee.  
 " I knowe the letters all so well,  
 " I neede not learne the way to spell:  
 " And, for the crosse, before the rowe,  
 " I learn'd it all too long agoe.  
 " Then let them goe to schoole that list,  
 " To hang the lippe, at *Had I wist*.  
 " I neuer lou'd a booke of horne,  
 " Nor leaues, that haue their letters worne,  
 " Nor with a fescue to direct mee,  
 " Where every puny shall correct mee.  
 " I will the treuant play a while,  
 " And, with mine eare, mine eye beguile,  
 " And only heare, what other see,  
 " What mocketh them as well as mee,  
 " And laugh at him, that goes to schoole,  
 " To learne with mee to play the foole.  
 " But soft a while: I haue mistooke.  
 " This is but some imagin'd booke,  
 " That wilfull hearts in wantons eyes  
 " Doe onely by conceits deuise:  
 " Where spell, and put together proue  
 " The reading of the rules of love.  
 " But, if it be so, let it bee:  
 " It shall no lesson be for mee.  
 " Let them goe spell, that can not reede,  
 " And know the crosse vnto their speede;  
 " While I am taught but to discerne,  
 " How to forget the thing I learne."

" A FARE-

“ A FAREWELL TO CONCEIT.

- “ Farewell conceit : conceit no more wel fare.  
 “ Hope feeds the heart with humours, to no end :  
 “ Fortune is false in dealing of her share :  
 “ Vertue in Heauen, must only seeke a friend.  
 “ Adieu desire : desire, no more adieu.  
 “ Will hath no leasure to regard defart :  
 “ Loue findes, too late, the prouerbe all too true,  
 “ That beauties eyes stooode neuer in her heart.  
 “ Away poor loue : loue seeke no more a way  
 “ Vnto thy woe, where wishing is no wealth :  
 “ In nightes deepe darknesse, neuer looke for day,  
 “ Nor in hearts sicknesse, euer seeke for health.  
 “ Desire, conceipt, away, adieu, farewell.  
 “ Loue is deceiu'd, that seeks for heauen in hell.”

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[To be continued every SATURDAY, Price Three Pence.]